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AND WILKINSON ADVERTISER.

H. S. VAN EATON, Editor. "THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION." OWEN S. KELLY, Publisher.

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Book, and Job Work, of all description, excuted at this office, at New Orleans prices, with neatness and despatch.

RAIL ROAD LYRICS.

Air—"*Coming through the Rye.*

If an engine met an ingine
"Coming round a curve,"
If they smash tack, train and tender,
What do they deserve?
Not a penny's paid to any,
So far as we observe,
But all aquit the ingineer,
When "comin round a curve."

If an engine meets steamer
"Coming through the draw,"
If they crush or drwn the public,
Need we go to law?
If the engineer was careless—
P'raps he's ratherraw—
They don't discharge an honest fellow,
"Coming throughthe draw."

If a steamer chase a steamer,
"Running up to time,"
If they burst their pipe and boiler,
Where's the mightycrime?
Should a jury in a fur
Make them pay one lime,
Or send the officers to prison,
"Running up to time?"

If they maim or kill a body,
Or a body's wife,
Need a body sue a body,
For baggage limb or life?
If you sue for damages,
For pay for what you lost,
You get a broken neck o leg,
And have to meet the cost.

"I Haint been Steelin Nothin!"

A rich incident occurred a shet time since, in one of the county courts in Vamont, which we consider too good to me lost.

Many of the jury, together wit the judge, and lawyers, were intending to prticipate in a celebration of society of which they were members, and were consequently—in their anxiety to close the term—rusing cases through with all the dispatch that onor and justice would permit.

At half-past twelve o'clock, one or, an intermission for half an hour for diner was granted, with a strict injunction from te judge that "all hands" must be back punctually at one o'clock, to commence a new cas of larceny.

The dinners, that day, were swalloed with greater rapidity than usual, and as te clock struck one, the officers of the law rued into court, like chickens into a meal-tough.

While they were eating their dinne, however, a young man from the "keontry" being somewhat anxious to see the manner i which justice was meted out, walked into the court-room, and, as he afterwards expressed imself, "took a squint at all the seats, and see there wasn't nobody in the nicest one, with railin' all around it, 'fore the fellows got bac from dinner."

In five minutes after the crowd enter the room the Judge rapped the desk with t butt end of his jack-knife, and with dinified own cried—

"Silence in the court!"

"Silence in the court!" repeated the bad shouldered constable, leaning on the rang in front of his honor, immediately resued the occupation of picking his teeth wi a pin.

"Silence in the court!" echoed the squaking tones of a small, red-headed constable ar the door; and the latter speaker immediay commenced elbowing the crowd, right id left, to let them know that he was around.

"Already?" replied the judge.

"All ready!" replied the attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand u" says the judge, "while the indictment is beg read!"

The broad-shouldered constable now walkd up to the prisoner's box, during the appard momentary absence of the sheriff, placed h hands on the shoulder of the young man, a exclaimed—

"Stand up!"

"What fur?" said the astonished youn farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" exclaimed th constable.

"Wall, I guess I kin hear what's goin' on without standin,' as well as the rest on 'en," was the reply.

"Stand up!" roared the Judge, in a burst of passion—he had just bit his tongue, while picking his teeth; "young man, stand up! or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came up on his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking around the court-room, noticing that all eyes were upon him, with an expression about as affectionate as that of a rabid man towards a bowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment; but he heard enough of the long, complicated, tangled sentences to learn that the was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or cheating, or pilfering some house or somebody, and he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge? Guilty, or not guilty?" inquired the Judge, peeping over his spectacles, with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood. "Guilty or not Guilty?"

The young man ventured to look up, in hopes to find a sympathising eye, but all were cold and unfriendly, and he again gazed on the sawdusted floor, and trembled with confusion.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the Judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience to proceed with the case.

The broad-shouldered constable, being rather a humane man, now stepped up to the prisoner, and exclaimed—

"You had better say 'not guilty,' of course If you say 'guilty,' you don't stand no chance, this term, that's sure! and if you say 'not guilty,' and wish at any future state of the case to change your plea to 'guilty,' you can do it without any injury to yourself! Therefore, I advise you to say 'not guilty,' and stick to it as long as ther's any chance!"

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, but now they fairly boiled over; and with a look of innocent but determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head, and exclaimed—

"What in all natur are you fellers tryin' to dew! I hain't been steelin' nothin'! I hain't sure!"

Just at this moment the front door opened, and the Sheriff, with the genuine prisoner, walked into the room, and proceeded at once to the box.

The court saw, in a moment its mistake, and tried to choke down its effect with a frown—but 'twas no go! The crowd burst forth into a hourse laugh that fairly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room, exclaiming, as he passed out at the door—

"I knowed all the time, I hadn't stole nothin'!"—*Literary Museum.*

A Biblical Critic.—The best specimen of original criticism we ever heard was in a stage coach ride to Berry Edge. Three of us were talking about Adam and his fall. The point of discussion was the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he wasn't perfect!" ejaculated one of the three.

"Wasn't perfect?" we ejaculated in amazement.

"No, sir, he wasn't perfect," repeated our commentator.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Well," answered the authority, "he was made perfect, I admit, but he didn't stay perfect."

"How?"

"Why, was not one of his ribs removed? If he was perfect with all his ribs, he was not perfect after loosing one—was he, say?"

Our say was silence. We were convinced then, that woman was the cause of man's original imperfection.—*Oatshop (Eng.) Observer.*

Life in Cairo, Ill.—A correspondent of the Evansville Journal furnishes the following vivid description of life in the little city at the mouth of the Ohio:

Five or six Dutch and an equal number of Natives assembled at a bowling saloon, in this neighborhood last Sabbath evening, and after partaking rather freely of that Cairo beverage Schneidam Shhnapps, pitched into one another, and had a regular fight. Axes, pistols, clubs and dernicks were employed for a few moments in a very industrious, quick and lively manner, until the former party vanquished, when in order to creditably keep up the rumpus, the latter individuals attacked and fought each other until all were whipped into a respectable soberness. Each betook himself away from the scene nursing a bunged eye or a flattered snout, heartily cursing the "invigoration cordial," and flattering himself with the idea that if he did get his eye blackened or probocis disfigured, he had generously given his antagonist about "volue received."

A Frenchman dissatisfied with the fare of Cairo Hotel, gave vent to his indignation, the other day in the following style:

"I say landlord, you have one very good house, by gar, for a horse, but not much for a gendeman. I stop with you three days for four dollars and fifty cents. I have been sick during that time, and when I ask you for chicken soup, by gar, you seud me beef soup with the horns in it. I leave this very much city, and for yourself, you are one d——d domestic."

A shout from the bystanders told the effect as the Frenchman turned away, when the landlord wisely thought that his hope of redemption from the slur, lurked in his liquor, so the next sensible remark was, "gentlemen, what will you take."

Young America.—"My son," said a doating father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up in the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know; but suppose we have it John H. Samplin and Father."—The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but could not adopt it.

John Mitchel.

Most of the papers have published accounts of the magnificent reception by the citizens of San Francisco, of Jno. Mitchel, the Irish patriot, who lately made his escape from his imprisonment at Australia, and in the True Delta we notice his speech to the citizens of the Pacific Commercial Emporium, on the occasion spoken of above. For true, stirring eloquence, strength and power of language, we have rarely seen it excelled. Below we give some extracts by way of change from the treadmill of politics, in which, for months past we have been laboring. After the deafening applause which greeted his appearance among the assembled thousands had subsided, Mr. Mitchel spoke as follows:

Gov. Bigler and citizens of San Francisco.—You will not wonder—you will indulge me a little, me a captive of five years, after five weary years living death, immured in dungeons by land and sea, or eating the bitter bread of penal exile in the depths of the forests of a convict colony—if my senses are somewhat overpowered by the thunders of your welcome to a free land. I seem like one slowly opening his eyes to the light of the outer world after a long painful trance, and the splendor of this Republican festival dazzles me. And perhaps if I had obeyed the dictates of that humility which becomes a defeated man and a haunted fugitive—if I had taken counsel of my own quiet disposition, naturally averse from display and ostentation, I should have asked permission respectfully to decline the high honor you do me this day.

God knows it is in no triumph we Irish Rebels set foot upon your shores, America? With the load of our chains only just shaken off, and the load of our inglorious defeat, which is bitterer than chains, and cannot be shaken off, still heavy on our souls—with some of our dear comrades, still pining in bondage—with the bloodhounds of the enemy still questing on our track behind, and a wide world before us where we have no home, no country—it might be thought happiness enough for us to fling ourselves exhausted and breathless upon your soil, and to feel ourselves at last—at last—safe under the hospitable shadow of your Eagle's wings. But the terms in which I have been invited to this board leave me no room for such feelings. I must not think of myself when you offer me—oh! Americans, you offer me, sympathy with my cause. And Americans, I have heard, are observant of what passes in the world. You know well what that is, and what that sympathy implies. Here is much more than personal compliment; here is something that supercedes and would make ridiculous the affectation of personal diffidence. I, indeed, am nothing; but liberty is sacred, and Ireland is dear, Justice is eternal; and my cause was, and is, and while I live shall be, the cause of Irish freedom against English tyranny—Irish rights against English bayonets—it is the cause of the independent industry for our own living, against base pauperism for England's gain—it is that same old and dear cause of Irish Republicanism to which our fathers were sworn in '98, and for which Tone labored and lived, and for which Emmett could but die. Knowing all this, you tender, not to me, but to my country, on this first point of American land, I touch, your frank and manly endorsement of that righteous cause. And could I presume to decline this? Could I, with an impudent modesty, deprecate your sympathy with Ireland's wrongs, your honest indignation against Ireland's enemies and oppressors? No, no, I exult in this heavy welcome. I thank you for it from my very soul. I take a grim delight in it; for well I know the warm words of cheery you give me to-night, will reach the poor hearths of some of my broken and desponding countrymen, and kindle in their hearts again some sparks of the fire of manhood—the lound echo of freedom's scorn will ring in the ears of our tyrants in their high places, and bid them beware of the next earthquake of the nations.

* * * * * *

Speaking of the English, he says:

I have read of their puny and false mimicry of that English humbug of all nations.—Oh! I have heard how Ireland is at last going to begin to be ameliorated, for that two millions and a half of her lawless Celts are famished to death or driven to seek livelihood in foreign lands—and how the survivors begin to live better—and how a Lord Lieutenant continues to encourage the manufacture of tabinet for the vice-regal waistcoat, and how a Crystal Palace stands in Dublin to display the production of Ireland. Oh, mockery! the productions of Ireland! but the committee have not exhibited, as I hear, the real staple and characteristic productions of that country—model paupers in squalid rows—ranks of humble tenants-at-will with their hats in their hands—pyramids of ejectment decrees—basins of transparent poor-house gruel, (a great work of art)—cases of famished corpses, to show how lean an Irishman can walk before he dies, while an Englishman eats his bread—dead children, half knawed by woolfish mothers—these were an exposition of Irish industry for a Queen of England to open in state—these were the true mirror of the country's condition. But because this grisly picture is true, it will be carefully turned with its face to the wall, and all manner of glittering, flattering lies, will take its place. Let that palace of falsehood stand while it may—it is but glass. Let the poor worshipers of that obscene golden image which the Prince Albert has set up, wallow and grovel, eat dirt there, and crave the crumbs that fall from their master's tables. I tell them that I was a freeer man in the Bermuda hulk than the unhappy Irishmen who sumpter and simper in the Dublin Crystal Palace, and make believe that they are loyal citizens and members of society Their souls dwell in a hulk. From the brown shades of a Tasmanian woods I had a clearer view of the transactions and destinies of mankind than they in the center of their vicious civilization, and amidst the crushing race of hungry candidates for ten thousand offices—which are England's tribes, and the devil's. Therefore, you will see it is not ignorance or forgetfullness of what has been passing these late years that I dare again to utter the creed of Irish nationality, that I hail your sympathy with Irish rebellion.

There are Irishmen here to-night—do you, my countrymen, tell me that our cause is lost forever? Is the history of Ireland over, then? Do you tell me to go back to my island dungeon, and disturb no more the march of Anglo-Saxon civilization and the Crystal Palace progress of the species? Forgive me the question my countrymen! Do not our hearts leap up at the very thought of the next European convulsion? Do they not burn with us when we think of all that "Peace and Order," as tyrants calls the chained quiescence of slaves how it will be shivered to atoms on some early day—a day to be called a white day forever—with a crash that shall shake the pillows of the globe, and how thrones and principalities will totter and rush down into chaos before the stormy wrath and execrations of gods and men!

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The Compromise
AND THE BALTIMORE PLATFORM.

The following paragraph from the Washington Union has provoked a severity of criticism which does not surprise us, simply because there is no expedient of opposition to which malcontent democrats and their whig sympathisers will not resort, in their war on the Administration:

"If the Baltimore platform had expressly approved or disapproved of the Compromise, the nominee would have met certain defeat.—The friends of the measure of adjustment never had sufficient strength to elect a President, and this fact ought to empress itself with force upon the minds of democrats who claim from the Administration more consideration toward the original advocates of the Compromise, than they are supposed to have received."

No man can controvert the truth of this allegation. As a member of the Baltimore Convention of 1852, and an eye-witness of its proceedings, we can attest, from personal knowledge, the correctness of the statement, that the platform was designed neither to approve nor to disapprove the Compromise. Indeed, the language of the platform is perfectly conclusive of the point. The only resolution touching the Compromise defines the position of the party in that relation in the following words: "The democratic party of the Union, standing on this National platform, will abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise settled by the last Congress, the act for reclaiming fugitives from service or labor included, which act being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficacy." Now, it is perfectly manifest to every mind capable of appreciating the force of language, that the phraseology of this resolution was selected with the distinct purpose of avoiding an expression of opinion in regard to the intrinsic merit of the measures of Compromise. The resolution pledges the democratic party, in the most precise and emphatic terms, to abide by and adhear to the Compromise, but carefully abstains from any intimation of opinion in respect to justice and expediency of the settlement which it thus declares to be final and inviolable. And how could it have been otherwise? An attempt to coerce an expression, either of approval or disapproval of the Compromise, would inevitable have produced a violent dispersion of the Convention. The majority of members from the South were known to regard the Compromise as a sacrifice of Southern rights, and they would never have assented to a resolution so antagonistic to their sentiments and principles. There were members, also, from the North, who were averse to the Compromise, on the pretext that it surrendered too much to the South.—Neither the anti-Compromise men of the South, nor the anti-Compromise men of the North, would ever have sanctioned an expression of approval of the Compromise on the Convention. On the other hand, there were many members, both from the North and from the South, who were among the original supporters of the Compromise, and who regarded it as an equitable adjustment of a deplorable sectional dispute. These would not have assented to a resolution expressing disapproval of the Compromise. The Convention, therefore, respecting the opinions and feelings both of Compromise and anti-Compromise democrats, abstained from enforcing any test of sentiment in-regard to the intrinsic merit of the Compromise; at the same time, pledging the party in the most solemn manner to abide by and adhere to the adjustment.

In regard to one stipulation in the Compromise, an expression of opinion was made by the Convention and exacted of all who stood upon the platform. Of the fugitive slave law, the Convention affirms, first, that it was enacted in discharge of an obligation of the Constitution; and, secondly, that fidelity to the Constitution forbids any modification of the law which shall impair its efficiency. This is a sufficiently emphatic approval of the only feature of the Compromise favorable to the South.

Thus, it appears that the Baltimore platform was triumph for the South; for while it avoids any expression of approbation of those measures of the Compromise which were thought detrimental to Southern interests, it explicitly and emphatically approves the measure, to which the only concession was made to the demand of the South.

Now, is there any thing ambiguous or fraudulent in such a resolution? May not a man, with perfect consistency, oppose the enactment of a particular measure as unjust and impolitic, and yet, when it becomes a law, consent to adhere to and abide by it? Does not this thing occur in every instance in which a law does not express the unanimous opinion of the people? And did the Baltimore Convention perpetrate a fraud on the country in withholding its opinion of the merit of the Compromise, while it resolved to adhere to and abide by it as the law of the land, and as a solemn compact between the North and the South? Indeed, the original supporters of the Compromise did not commend every distinct and separate measure; their approval was bestowed on the salutary operation of the whole.

The Democratic party met in the Baltimore Convention in a spirit of conciliation and harmony. The absurd attempt to enforce an uniformity of opinion in respect to a subject concerning which there was much discrepancy of sentiment, was never suggested in that assembly of intelligent gentlemen. This, however, was done; it was resolved to adhere to and abide by the Compromise; to preserve the Fugitive Slave Law inviolate, and to discountenance and suppress anti-slavery agitation. What more could the country demand?

If we had not seen so much of whig effrontery, we might effect some surprise at the criticism of the whig press on the above paragraph from the Union newspaper. In view of the notorious fact that the whig party in the South were by no means unanimous in their support of the Compromise, and that the whig party in the North were not entirely unanimous in their opposition to the Compromise, we might with propriety express surprise at the indignation with which the whig press affects to regard the declaration of the Union. But the inconsistency of the whig press is far more glaring in their censure of the phraseology of the Democratic platform. The public will hear with astonishment since this recent demonstration of the whig press, that the whig platform carefully and cautiously avoids any approval of the Compromise, and is obnoxious to the very censure which the whig press urges against the democratic platform. We make no reference to the suspicious circumstances under which the whig platform was adopted, and by which the good faith of the convention was discredited—we say nothing of the repudiation of the platform by a large and powerful section of the whig party. The platform in its own language exposes the inconsistency and hypocrisy, of the whig press in its censure of the resolution of the democratic Convention. This is the language of the whig platform in regard to the Compromise:

"That the series of acts of the thirty-second Congress, the act known as the Fugitive Slave law included, are received and acquiesced in the whig party in the United States, as a settlement, in principle and substance, of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace; and so far as they are concerned, we will maintain them, and insist upon their enforcement until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against the evasion of the laws on the one hand and the abuse of their powers on the other—not impairing their present efficiency; and we deprecate all further agitation of the questions thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made, and we will maintain this system as essential to the nationality of the whig party, and the integrity of the Union."

Is there any expression of approval or disapproval here? "The series af acts" are "received and acquiesced in," but not approved. The doubtful expression, received and acquiesced in, will warrant an inference of disapproval, but is absolutely inconsistent with any idea of concurrence or commendation. If the whig convention meant to approve the Compromise—as the whig journals of the South would now have us to believe—why did they not say so in express terms? The answer is obvious and satisfactory—either the whig convention did not intend to approve the Compromise, or else they so disguised their design in ambiguous phraseology, as to deceive the anti-Compromise wing of their party, and to perpetrate a "fraud" upon the country. There is no possible escape from this dilemma.

It is not irrelevant to the point before as, to observe the difference between the whig platform and the democratic platform in regard to the Fugitive slave law. The one treats this statute as an ordinary enactment, subject to modification and repeal—the other respects it as a solemn compact, possessing the sanctity of a constitutional stipulation, and to be observed and maintained with scrupulous fidelity.

It is simply a misrepresentation of fact in a democrat to assert that the Baltimore Convention pronounced judgment on the Compromise measures. The whig press, in making this false statement the basis of indignant denunciation, expose a want of candor and consistency as a disregard of truth.

☞ The man who prates about cruelty of angling will be found invaribly to beat his wife.

Mississippi Legislature.

The following is a list of the members of the Legislature, elected for the Session of 1854.

Senators—Holding Over.

Adams, Franklin, &c—*A. K Farrar.*
Amite and Pike—*J. M. Nelson.*
Attala and Leak—George Pope.
Carroll—*C. F. Hemingway.*
Chickasaw and Oktibbeha—R. G. Steele.
Covington—J McAfee. Hancock—A W Ramsay
Hinds—*D W Adams.* Itawamba—R O Beene
Panola—*J L Alcorn.* Rankin—Jos. Bennett
Yazoo and Issaquena.—*W L Johnson.*

Senators Elect.

Choctaw—Jas. Drane.
Claiborne and Jefferson—H. T. Ellett.
De Soto—S. Oliver. Holmes—*A. M. West*
Jasper—R N Hough. Lafayette—A H Pegues
Lauderdale [vacancy. Lawrence—E C Stewart
Lowndes—*J B Cobb.* Madison—W McWill
Marshall—R S Greer. Monroe—J M Acke
Neshoba and Kemper—J. J. Pettas.
Pontoc—B R Webb. Simpson—M A Bank
Tippah—J M Berry. Tishemingo—*A E Reynolds*
Warren—*A. H. Arthur.*
Wiston and Noxubee—Joseph Koger.
Yallobusha—*W. Allen.*

House of Representatives.

Adams—*S. Chamberlin.*
City of Natchez—*C. L. Dubisson.*
Amite——— Attala—S N Gilleland & Roy.
Bolivar—*Peter B Stark.* Calhoun—J McCrory
Carroll—*C C Hight,* W E Strong. and W B Helm.*
Choctaw—P F Liddell. *Jas. Hill.*
Chickasaw—Eli Abbott, *Uriah Porter.*
Coahoma—*Geo. H Mitchell.*
Clark—Wm A Ward. Covington—wm J Lott
Claiborne—*Jos. Regan.*
Copiah—E R Brown, J N Catchings.
De Soto—Jos R Milam, Thos. w white, and B L Rozell.
Franklin—Hiram Cassedy.
Green—H J Breeland. Hancock———
Hinds—*W P Anderson, G W Harper, and P G Johnson.*
Holmes—*Thos Bolters, F M Phillips.*
Harrison—Jno. C Heuley.
Itawamba—C Hodges, Downs, and *Owen.*
Issaquena—*W T Bernard.* Jackson———
Jasper—J J Shannon. Jefferson—wm L Harper
Jones—*J D W Duckworth.**
Kemper—L J Garrett, Ellis Henderson.
Lafeyette—C G Butler, Rogers.
Leake—Henry S Rawls.
Lauderdale—J R McLaurin, G C Chandler.
Lawrence—Hiram Bonner.
Lowndes—T I Sharp, *W B Wade, and Jno. Seale.**
Madison—*C C Shackleford, Oliver A Lockett.*
Marion—w J Rankin.
Marshall—J w Mathews, Thos Mull, J L Autry Russell Dean.
Monroe—Lewis Nabers, *D W Sadler.**
Neshoba—L B Austell. Newton—wm Thames
Noxubee—*W W Irby, H O Beasley.*
Oktibbeha—— Burt. Perry—G H Hollomna
Panola—John Dickons. Pike—Ross A Ellzy.
Pontotoc—Jacob Barden, Calhoun, *Holder.**
Rankin—Jos. M Jayne. Scott—S. T. Smith
Simpson—T D Magee. Smith—Geo. w Rhodes
Sunflower—*E Smith.*
Tallahatchie—Thos. A Buckley.
Tippah—Thomas Hamer, Siddall, T C Hindman, jr. and *F W Wolff.**
Tishemingo—*James Box.* M G Lewis.* Taylor, Rives.*
Tunica—— Brown. Warren—S B Newman
City of Vicksburg—*C L Buck.*
Washington—*C R Bass.*
Wilkinson—Geo. H. Gordon.
Wayne ———
Winston—J B Covington, Hugh McQueen.
Yazoo—H Barksdale, *J R Burrus.*
Yalobusha—*S R Garner. R G Wynn, and F M Aldridge.*

The regular Democratic nominees who are in favor of going into caeus and conforming to the usage of the party are in plain Roman; Whigs in Italics, and those who style themselves Union Democrats, are in Italics and marked thus [*]

The Democratic majority on joint ballot will be between 25 and 30.

Ancestry.—Boasting of one's birth is in this country about as rare as it would be ridiculous. Excepting the the writer of "our President," in Putnam's Magazine, who prates about his "respectable family," (as if somebody had questioned it,) we have seen nothing of the sort for a long time. The only "high birth" which can be fairly made out, is the case of being born in a garret; and the only "family" worth bragging of is a family of ten children, healthy, well-mannered and well calculated. To have had eminent ancestors is not half so great a blessing as to have had honest ones; for moral qualities are transmissable in the blood, while titles and [illegible] are not. Cicero made a very happy [illegible] Metellus, when the latter reproached [illegible] orator with the mean origin. "I [illegible] Metellus, (whose mother was notorious laxity of her morals)—"who was your [illegible] "It would be very difficult for you, [illegible] Cicero, to learn *who* your father was."

[*Boston Post*

☞ The lady who "stood on her dignity" came very near losing her balance.—*Boston Transcript.*

Most specimens of that kind of "body" do. It is generally rather a ruttish foundation to stand upon.

☞ The man who "embraced an opportunity" got his ears well boxed for his temerity.